Fron County Register but an unusually sharp twinge of pain and sobbing rain only the sighs and warned him that words were the best plaint of the wounded and vanquished

BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON. . - MISSOURI

TIS BRAVERY THEN. 'Tis easy, when the heart is light And when no tears bedim the sight, To smile—but 'tis not brave

'Tis easy, when not e'er opprest By troubles that provoke unrest, To laugh—but 'tis not brave. 'Tis easy when the power of gold Inspires the mind and makes it bold, To dare—but 'tis not brava

'Tis easy, when in armor strong Against the ills that come in throng, To fight-but 'tis not brave.

'Tis bravery when the heart is sore And when the scalding tears flow o'er, To smile—'tis bravery then.

'Tis bravery, when oppressive care Wrinkles the brow and grays the hair, To laugh-'tis bravery then.

'Tis bravery, when want's dismal form Darkens the door from morn to morn, To dare-'tis bravery then. 'Tis bravery when the breast is bare Against the ills that life impair,

To fight-'tis bravery then. Then hail to him who, though oppress In sorrow, trouble, poor, distressed Yet battles on the best he can; 'Tis bravery then that proves the man'

DAVID'S LEAVING.

A Domestic Quarrel and the Lessons It Taught.

away like a curtain from the hillside, letting in a flood of sunshine upon a little, old, unpainted house, a house commonplace if seen with different surroundings, but could not seem background of fruit-laden apple trees, and with its bit of a front yard ablaze with late asters and marigolds, and great drifts of red and white petunias, that half hid the path from the gate to the doorstone. But all this brightness of earth and sky contrasted sharply with the gloom within the house. Mrs. Marston was washing the breakfast dishes. She was a little, fussy woman, whose faded blue eyes had never lost their look of childlike faith and trust, nor a certain kindly light, though her hair was heavily streaked with gray, and the lines about her mouth indicated a will of her own. Her husband sat by the fire, greasing his boots, his usually placid face wearing a look of helplessness, trouble and bewilderment, as he paused in his work and try shelf without a word.

Is that what you said?" "Yes, that's what I said, David;" here she paused to steady her voice. "I

ty pi'nted things to me, one time an' another; but I d'know as you've ever

an' talk stronger than you mean." clean wore out. Here be I a-workin' an' a-slavin' week in an' week out, 'an ought not to do. Before taking up the you jest a-lettin' every blessed thing carpetbag he asked Polly if she go to rack an' ruin. Goodness only knows where you expect we'll land at this rate. In the poorhouse I guess. P'tatoes, that ought, by good rights, to've been dug two weeks ago, jest a- to-night, for onless it should come on rottin' in the ground. Not a single to be cloudy there'll be a frost as sure cornstalk cut yit. Every squash'll git as preachin'." froze. Beans a-mildewin'. Not an apple gathered, an' you jest a-spendin' every blessed minit of your time gittin'

Sloan." "Now, Polly, that ain't hardly fair. You know I ain't seen Sam Sloan in a month till he comes over yisterday to borrer some fish-hooks; an' I didn't git drunk with him, neither." Here David's eyes were lowered to the boots and grease can. "He wanted me to take a drink with him out of a bottle he had, an' l'couldn't very well refuse, seein' as how he was a neighbor and hadn't been over in so long. He is-"

Here Polly faced about with the dishcloth in her hand. "He can't stay away none too long to suit me; not if him; but she had never thought he realhe stays till doomsday," she snapped ly would, or that she wanted him to go. out. "I ain't never had no use for Sam Sloan, an' I don't think much of them that has. An' I know jest as well as fretted her, but never had she felt quite that you're a-settin' there. David, that so discouraged. The "carousin' " of you had more'n one drink."

he was a-leavin'. I told Sam I guessed it didn't."

This last sentence was uttered in a tone that indicated, not only David's diappointment, but a feeling of personal injury, as he recalled the manner the little kitchen in order; then taking bag; there ain't no use havin' them in which he seemed to have been defrauded of the promised, and naturally to be expected, "bracing." But if he had expected that this excuse would soften Polly's wrath, he did not need any words to show him that he had made a mistake; the swish of skirts and quick step which he heard, as she turned, did that. Involuntarily he to the village. bent his head, as though to examine the patch on the boot in his hand, as

"No; I should say it didn't. When I got home, at dark, jest about tuckered or in the little, still house she had left When she rose to her feet she held in single firm of manufacturers in this out after workin' at the hotel all day, in the morning. there you was a-settin' in the rockin' chair, with your head on the table fast out on her way home. The sunshine pression on her face would have been but they are less surprising from the asleep. The fire out an' not a chore and bright sky of the morning had hard to analyze. There was something fact that there are few articles of more

"There wasn't much carousin' about it, Polly. Sam didn't stay more'n an ways indulged in fancies about the rain, spirit of the morning. hour; an' I couldn't do much carousin' but would hardly have acknowledged As David was coming down the when I was asleep, could I?"

"No matter, I call that carousin'." hung up the frying pan just then made wont to see, in imagination, a great An hour after, when she opened the which, though brave, sometimes grow hung up the frying pan just then made wont to see, in imagination, a great An hour after, when she opened the which, though brave, sometimes grow hard better wield that army of soldiers marching to battle David t

neck an' a crick in your back from bein' as that thin, piping treble could ring—singing softly to herself, in a voice that crooked over that table so long, an', of with "Hold the Fort," or, "Onward, suggested tears: course, there ain't no more work for you | Christian Soldiers." And, busy

for a week." over that! An' then I could go right at stove and pantry, with a step that was it, an' do up alf the fall work in no time I could cut that hull patch of corn in one day, an' bring in the squashes besides." Here he tried to draw up his bent shoulders and back,

warned him that words were the better part of valor for bim. "I told Sam yisterday that I should be awful busy now for quite a spell, an' couldn't nohow go over to none of them Red Men's meetin's-that I hadn't no time."

"That you hadn't no time! Well, David Marston, you might've told him wouldn't let you." "I didn't want to say that, because he told me oncet that I dassent say my

soul was my own."

"Much you was a-thinkin' of your soul when you got in with that set! That was more of your foolishness. I couldn't leave you for two days, whilst went over to Benton, 'thout your goin' an' j'inin' that show."

"It ain't no show, Polly." "What's it for, then?"

"Sam says it's an Order of Red Men. A secret sassiety for a little soshil ricre-

ation." "Soshil fiddlestick! I tell you they are jest a-practicin' for a wild Injin show; that's what they are. An' if I hadn't put a stop right on the spot to your a-goin' they'd 'a' had you a-traipsin' 'round the country by this time, a-hootin' an' a-yellin' an' a-scalpin'. Nice you'd 'a' looked; a man old enough to know better, an' a church member. too! There's no tellin' what you'll be up to next. Seems as though I only got you out of that wild Injin thing in time for Sam to make a fool of you." -Chicago Post The tone of voice in which this was said seemed to be intended to convey the idea that if there was any difference between personating an Indian in a show and drinking with Sam Sloan that difference was not in favor of the latter. Just a shade of sorrow was mingled with the anger in her The mists of an October morning still voice as she added: "It seems, David, hid the valley, but were spreading as though no savin' grace could keep you out of the broad road that leads to ruin."

"Yes, I was always a powerful han' that would have looked cheerless and at blackslidin'. Seems as though I couldn't help it, some way. Guess I've blackslid more'n a hundred times. But, either when seen, as it was, against a Polly, you've managed to git along with me some way for a good many years 'thout really gittin' tired of me till now. Mind I don't say but that you're right about it. I ain't no call to find fault with what you say. You always could see your way clearer'n most people. I don't want to be no burden to you, nor stay where I ain't wanted. When I git my boots greased I'll put my clothes in the carpitbag, an' git my other hat from upstairs, an' then start for Carbonville. Jest as like as not I can git something to do in them mines."

> Polly looked frightened at this, and paused in her work of drying the coffeepot, and opened her lips as if about to speak; then, seeming to change her mind, she set the coffeepot on the pan-

David's wardrobe was not an extensive odor of baked potatoes, tea and stewone; and then he went upstairs. When ing apples filled the room. And most can't stand your shifless ways no he come back with "the other hat" Polly saw, as she took a sidelong glance, hurrying in through the back door with "Well, Polly, you've said some pret- that during his absence from the room he had placed something heavy in the breastpocket of his of the day-telling her why he had not told me right out an' out before as you coat, and carefully pinned up the was tired of me. Seems as though you pocket. They had never owned a pisdidn't quite mean it now. Seems as tol, had never had any use for a pisthough mebbe you're kind of put out tol; but could Sam have loaned David one? It was hardly possible, and yet "Well, I do mean it. My patience is what else could it be? Sam could certainly be expected to do anything he after her. But, Polly, come right ur thought she could milk the cow. The flies bothered so they made the cow "res'less like," he said. "An' Polly, don't forgit to cover up the tomatoes

Then he crossed the kitchen to the mantelpiece, pretending to look for his pipe, which he knew was in his pocket, drunk with that good for nothin' Sam and on the way back hung up the bootjack and put away the can of grease. Seeing then no further excuse for lingering, he took up the carpetbag and went out. He stood for a moment to gaze far away, hesitating and shrinking from something new and strange which he seemed to see in all the world beyond the doorstone. As he closed the gate he turned and looked back to

say: "Good-by." Polly hung up the dishpan, and then looked after him in utter amazement. She was in earnest, or thought she was, when she said she was tired of During all the years they had lived together his careless, easy ways had the day before had been too much for David did not raise his eyes from the her naturally hopeful and happy dispogrease can. "Oh, I ain't a-denyin', sition. David's intentions were good, Polly, that we took a little more when always good. He was not a drunkard, not even what would be called "a drink-I'd better not; that it might fly to my ing man;" but the days were always eaten and the milk strained, and then of the United States is sold on the Athead so as't I couldn't work; but he too short for him, and Sam Sloan's free 'lowed my system needed stimulus, an' and easy ways and persuasive tongue it would jest brace me right up. But had always had, and perhaps always started to go upstairs for the wash west, for there are putty manufactories would have, an irresistible fascination

> for him. Still angry, and perhaps a little conscience stricken, Polly hurriedly put her sunbonnet and shawl from their nail behind the door, she prepared to go out to her day's work. After locking the door, the key, from sheer force of habit, was put in the usual hiding place under the doorstone. More miserable than she had ever been before. and half blinded by tears, she walked

She did her work as well as usual, but in an almost mechanical way; her thoughts all day either with that lonely traveler on the road to Carbonville,

it in those words. The rain inspired stairs she replaced the picture in the the hymns she sang. When it fell in pocket, and hung the coat back on its The decided manner in which Polly great wind-swept sheets she had been nail. about her household duties, she "Oh, never mind, Polly; I'll soon git marched triumphantly between cook

plaint of the wounded and vanquished, she sang, in a quavering, sympathetic

"Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish." When soft summer rain fell with the soothing, dreamy sound of a lullaby she sang, in a voice more even now: "My peace like a river grows deeper and

To-night, true to the old habit, as she looked out along the lonely road, she repeated, half aloud, the words of the hymn beginning:

"I am sad and heavy hearted:

No refuge on earth for me. The way had never seemed so long or her feet so tired. She had often gone over the road as late as this; but then David always came to meet her if the right was dark, and a light in the kitchen window could be seen when she reached the corner, which was halfway home. To-night there would be nothing to shorten the way. And how was she to find the cow in the darkness and rain? She was too tired to make a fire or get the supper, and thought she would go to bed without either. David ought to have known she could not live alone. The "carousin" of the night before did not seem so unpardonable an offense when she remembered that it was the only time he had failed to have the chores done and a warm supper waiting for her. What could he be thinking of, at his age, to want to work in a mine? Perhaps he had been suffocated by firedamp by this time, or walled up in some long forgotten passageway. There was always something happening-something terriblein a mine. And what of that pistol-it must have been a pistol-in his pocket. David was not used to firearms, and could not be expected to be on his guard against the treachery and bloodthirstiness of those fearfully and wonderfully made things. It might have gone off suddenly and unexpectedlymight even have blown his whole head off. And she involuntarily closed her eyes as though shutting out the ghastly sight.

By this time her shoes were wet through, and as she turned the corner the wind blew her wet sunbonnet across her face, and for a moment shut out the dim outlines of the road before her. She stopped to fold back the bonnet and wipe the tears and rain from her face, and then, looking up, stood in a doubting, questioning amazement. There was a light in the window. What could it mean? Could David really be there? The darkness, cold and rain were quite forgotten as she hurried on along the muddy road, through the gate, and up the path between the rain splashed flowers, still keeping the light-the welcome lightin view, until she opened the door and stood within the kitchen. Could this be the room she had pictured to herself when she started for home? Here was set as usual, and an appetizing wonderful of all, there was David the milk pail and in the cheeriest voice -seemingly forgetful of all the perils

gone to meet her. "I 'lowed I should certainly git to the corner," he said; "but that pesky cow was away off in the back lot, an wouldn't come for no callin'. So I jest had to foot it all the way over there to the fire an' set down in the rockin' chair, whilst I hang up your wet bunnit an' shawl. It beats all how wet you air! Here, let me take off your wet shoes an' put them on the woodbox to dry. I jest knowed how it would be when I see it comin' on to rain; that you couldn't noways in reason milk that cow nor have things comfortablelike here, as they ought to be, an' so I jest hurried back from Tam'rack Swamp as fast as I could tramp. Me and John Baker went over there this mornin' to look for a bee tree. I met him out near the corner, an' nothin' would do but I must come along. He says I can find a bee tree easier'n any man he knows; an' I guess he's about right about it. At any rate, I found this one. I'm awful smart at anding bee trees. It's a good one, too. John 'lows there's two hundred pounds of honey in it. One hundred for him and one hundred for us. We're goin' back in the mornin' with John's horse and wagin, if nothin happens to hender, to bring it home. You never see any body quite so tickled as John is. Says he's eat buckwheat cakes two winters 'thout ho ney, an' he don't want to do it ag'in I told him you'd be jest as glad as him, for you'd been kinder hankerin' after

honey all fall." Here Polly suggested that they exboiler, which Polly thought would be in the northern and western cities. you're agoin' up, David, you may as the West Indies, South America and well take your other hat an' the carpit the Sandwich islands. Manufacturers

layin' 'round." As the stair door swung shut after kept in stock. Putty has a variety of him, his coat, which bad been hanging uses besides those already mentioned, from a nail on the door, fell to the and the very familiar one is setting floor, and something heavy rolled from glass. Brown putty is used to point the pocket and under the rocking-chair. Polly, remembering the pistol, sometimes used in pointing up brick was too much frightened to scream, and stood listening in terror. Then, foundries. Plumbers use putty. Somenot hearing the almost endless times scene painters reduce it and put succession of shots which she had it on canvas to paint over. There are expected would follow, she cautiously three or four putty manufactories in stooped and looked under the chair. New York and more in Brooklyn. A her hand an old-fashioned case con- city has sold more than 17,000 tons in It was after five o'clock when she set taining a tintype of herself. The ex- a year. These seem like large figures, The hull afternoon spent in given place to dark clouds and a rap- of pity, relief and gladness in it, not common use.-N. Y. Sun. idly shortening twilight. A cold, driz- unmixed with a little amusement; but zling rain was falling. Polly had all not a trace of the hard, unforgiving

with waving banners, martial music, looked out upon a bright moonlight "An' this morning." she continued, and all the pomp and circumstance of night. The rain had ceased. As she "your head aches, an' you've got a stiff war. Then her voice rangout—as well returned and hung up the pan, she was night. The rain had ceased. As she

> "If we err in human blindness And forget that we are dust; If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
> Snowy wings of peace shall cover
> All the plain that hides away—
> When the weary watch is over
> And the mists have cleared away." -Mrs. Liddie Curtis, in N. Y. Indepen

PITH AND PO'NT.

-Johnny-"Pa, did you know ma before you were married?" Pa (with a Four Thousand Men, Insanely sigh)-"I thought I did, Johnny."-Boston Transcript.

-Fred-"Cheer up! You may win her yet." Arthur-"No; there's no chance for me. Why, she even refuses to go to the theater with me."-Truth. -"Look at old Mr. Jones over there soliloquizing." "What! Talking to himself? I guess not. He is so deaf he can't hear himself talk."-Texas Siftings.

-She-"How the fashions change!"

pocket-books, except they are worn shorter and lighter this year."-Texas Siftings. -Creditor (to editor)-"How's collections these days?" Editor-"Slow, sir, slow! I've got a good shotgun, but

can't get anybody to credit me for shot."-Atlanta Constitution. -Mrs. Norris-"Since I have been married I have had only one wish ungratified." Mr. Norris-"And what is that, my dear?" Mrs. Norris-"That I were single again."-Tit-Bits.

-"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben. "er man fiattahs hisse'f dat he's feeling' sympathy wif de unfortunate, when he's jis drorin' comparisons, an' congratulatin' hisse'f." — Washington

-"I wouldn't want to be in your shoes." remarked the rich Chicago girl to the poor Philadelphia girl. "Oh. that would be impossible," replied the Quaker miss, surveying her dainty foot.-Philadelphia Record.

-The Other Way. - Artist - "By Jove, I don't like it; they've skied my picture." Consoling Friend-"That's all right, my boy. If you are as bad as that picture is you'll never be skied."-Detroit Free Press.

-Mrs. Nexdoor-"I have found ou one thing about Mrs. Newcome. Whoever she is, she has never moved in good society." Mr. Nexdoor-"How do you know that!" Mrs. Nexdoor-"She shakes hands as if she meantit." -Tit-Bits.

-"Miss Flimsyfluff is very gloomy, said one member of the opera company to another. "Why?" "You see, she's really fond of her husband and hates to be divorced from him. But she feels that her art demands it."-Washington

-Husband (vituperatively)-"I was fool when I married you, Mary!" Wife (quietly)-"Yes, Tom, I know you were! But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time!"-Grip.

-Weary Watkins-"I think, if I had my life to live over again, I'd go into the astronomer business." Hungry Higgins-"Wot sort of thing is that?" Weary Watkins-"W'y, jist watchin' The boots were put on, with some was light and warmth in place of the the stars. Feller could tend to that "So you're tired of me, be you, Polly? difficulty—owing to the lame back— darkness and cold. The supper table sort of job layin' on his back."—Indianapolis Journal.

> -"Why, how are you, old man?" cried Barlow, genially, as he met Foster at the club. "Hear your engagement is announced; let me congratulate you." "Thanks," returned Foster, in a bashful manner, as he looked doubtfully at Barlow. "That's the thing!" rejoined Barlow, heartily. "You know what the poet says-'Into each life some ra-', I mean, love must fall. I've had mine." "So?" queried Foster, in a tone of sympathy. "Yes," Barlow answered, gazing at the ceiling. 'One summer I decided to marry the fairest girl on earth. An Undine-a Brunhilde -a-a-a daisy, in fact. The admired of all men-the envied of all girls. Of good family-wealthy in her own right -and perfect in every way. As I have said, I determined to marry her, but Fate intervened." "Poor chap!" sighed Foster. "Why was it?" "Foster," returned Barlow, slowly, gazing earnest ly at his friend, "I could'nt find the girl."-Harper's Bazar.

PUTTY IN ITS VARIATIONS.

Made of Whiting and Linseed Oil, Its Tints Are Diverse and Its Uses Many. Pure putty is made of whiting and linseed oil. Whiting is made of chalk which is imported from England and ground in this country. Barytes, mixed with the whiting, is used as an adulterant of putty, and cottenseed oil is mixed with linseed oil. Cottonseed oil is cheaper, and a slower dryer than linseed: its use is advantageous to small consumers, for putty mixed with part cottonseed oil keeps in order longer. Linseed oil putty is used more by decorators and painters and other large consumers who use up putty quickly. Putty sells at wholesale at from 11/4 to 2 cents a pound. It is put up for the trade in barrels of 800 pounds, kegs of 300 pounds, tubs of 100 to 110 pounds. change some of it at the village store in cans of 1 to 100 pounds, and in bladfor coffee and tea. And while talking ders; it keeps best in bladders, and the of the honey, the rough road to the oulk of the putty exported goes in that swamp and John Baker the supper was form Putty made in the eastern cities they began to look for something to lantic seaboard and in the south, but bring the honey home in. As David not much eastern putty is sold in the

"jest the thing," she said: "An' as We export putty to Canada, Mexico make colored putties to order, and white, brown and black putties are sometimes used in pointing up brick buildings. Black putty is used in stove

Do not be afraid of spoiling anyone with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling, it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders versity frighten you away, for under the most frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which can be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are as sunshine to a struggling plant -Detroit Free Press. Always

Bighead-Traveling develops a man's Pertly-Yes, particularly his imagination.-Truth.

Bent Upon Mischief,

Make Victors Assaults Upon Various In dustrial Plants—Met and Dispersed by the Police After a Stubborn Fight-Militia in Reserve.

CLEVELAND, O., May 3.-Labor troubles in Cleveland came to a crisis yesterday, when 4,000 men, armed with clubs and stones, marched through the flats, closing down each factory as they He-"There isn't much change in the came to it. Destruction of property seemed to be their aim. There were few English-speaking people in the crowd. In fact it was a rabble made up chiefly of foreigners.

At the Variety iron works the mob rushed up to the door of the foundry and in among the men, waving their

The Upson nut works were invaded, all the windows broken, and many of the men were stricken down at their work. It was only the appearance of the police that prevented the destruction of the works. The crowd was crazy and past all control. Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Slav and a regular babel of tongues shouted orders and encouraged the rioters on to their work

The Riot was of Small Beginning. The crowd was under the impression that the police were just waiting for them to start out. When two men with flags shouted themselves hoarse for the crowd to fall in, there was hesitation on the part of the spectators to obey the commands. The speaker was cheered lustily when he said: "Come

boys followed the leader with the flags as he led the way through the square. As the crowd marched the square was abandoned, and by the time the marchers reached Michigan rioters to kill the "- - -," street 4,000 men were in line. Shriek- their necks." Two or three officers lyn village, have placed charges of dying and hooting, they jeered all those started towards the hill and instantly namite in the hills surrounding their who did not join them and cheered there was a shower of stones and scrap work and connected them with electhemselves hoarse.

The Mob Beyond Control. By this time it was a mob beyond control. The crowd poured into Seneca street, seizing sticks and clubs as

they went. The Seneca-street bridge swayed back and forth under the continuous tramping.

The firemen at the engine house at the end of the bridge excited the crowd as they thought they were police. The clubs were in the air in a moment, but the firemen stood their ground and the mob swept on to join the head of the rabble which was assailing the Variety iron works.

A Command to "Halt" Comes Too Late. At the Variety iron works the leader with the flags shouted "Halt," and ad-They were stopped for a moment as the superintendent stood in the way and ordered the mob back. His words of warning were lost as the crowd surged past him and in among the workmen, who stood with their tools in their hands. One of the workmen made a move as if he would go on. The mob made for him. This threatening move warned the other men who made haste to take their baskets.

In the meantime the crowd on the outside shook their clubs in the air and threatened violence to anyone who would defy them. Several stones were thrown at the windows and the clubs beat tattoos on the doors and side of the house. When the men came out and joined the ranks of the mob a

Another Branch of the Mob.

While the foundrymen were being forced out, another branch of the mob went to other sections of the shop. The doors were closed and barred. There were hundreds of faces peering in at the windows, and as the men were until he ran against the club of a poseen at work in the shop the crowd became wild with rage. A rush was made at the barred doors, and the rioters on, in which he was taken to the stafairly fought to get a chance to put | tion and locked up. their shoulders to the work. The doors were of stout material and held. Fortunately there was a diversion in the way of a little scramble in the rear of the crowd which attracted the mob at the doors for a time. When they came | Variety iron works. back the doors were open and not a man was in sight. Then there was a shout of triamph.

"Advance!" Again the leader, with the flag waving over his head, shouted: "Advance!" It was a welcome word, as the mob had just commenced to feel their strength, and, as no resistance was offered, they gloated in their power. Shouting "Victory!" they rushed on to the Standard paint works.

On the way every man who was in sight was dragged into the ranks. Offices and storerooms were locked and the window blinds were drawn and barred. The excitement was infectious, and drivers of teams left their teams with their wagons partially loaded to join the crowd. The mob had halted in front of the Standard paint works. There was no order new in the ranks. Every man seemed to vie with his neighbor in making a short parleying, as the men in the their tools and joined the marching works were pretty well frightened, throng. and were glad to get off so easily. The laborers joined the ranks of the

Broke Looss From All Restraint. The rioters simply broke loose from all restraints and went wild as they approached the Upson nut works. There was a trainload of coal standing a lump of coal, hurled it through the window. In a moment the cars were black with men and the air was filled with flying missiles. The windows were broken and the men in the shops were struck down before they which, though brave, sometimes grow very, very tired. Let not a little adcut and bodies Howling Like Demons.

There was a cessation in the coal throwing, as the mob rushed for the building. The gates were all closed, building they took complete posses- ness at the Lamzon & Sessions works old and well known. The direct cause of death was paralysis.

THE CLEVELAND RIOT. the shops leaving their clothes and dinner baskets to their fates. The molds were destroyed, and everything that would succumb to clubs wielded

The Blue Coats Take a Hand At this juncture, a howl went wo from the crowd of "police," and before the words were hardly uttered, the blue coats were out and at work.

The crowd at first ran, then recovering its courage surrounded the police. The mob took possession of the coal cars and used them as barriers. Stones were thrown from time to time at the police, who were unprotected. The police had their clubs in hand and several times put their hands to their that trouble was expected, and a squad laugh. The leaders pushed in among the rioters, exhorting them to stand their ground. The 4,000 dwindled away to half that number. The handthe face of the earth if the leaders could only have gotten the men started. They stood and faltered and in that moment of hesitation they lost their

Presented a Formidable Appearance. works the mob planned a move on the at the men, all unaware that a de-Faulhauber Furniture Co. The rioters tachment of police was within the instarted on a run down the tracks. The closure. Suddenly an assault was police gave chase and arrived just in made on the works. The fence was time to prevent the scenes of the Up- torn down and the mob surged in. The son works from being re-enacted.

By the time the police had come to rector swinging a club with his men. the Lampson Nut and Bolt Co.'s plant There was about ten minutes of flerce on, boys: we'll show these fellows their numbers had been so augmented clubbing, and then the crowd gave that they presented a formidable ap-Only a motley group of a dozen or so pearance. The mob lined the hill, Seven of the rioters, boys followed the leader with the jeering and guying the officers, but heads, were arrested. made no offensive move until Tom Moore, the anarchist, again began his howling and shouting, crying to the

Tumbled Over Each Other in Their Haste to Get Away. This was enough for the police. The word was given, and away they started up the hill pell mell, their long

clubs in hand. The rioters did not wait for them, but tumbled over each other in their anxiety to get out of the The mob scattered quickly when they reached the crest of the hill by

Abbey and Davidson streets, but gathered soon again in a vacant lot north of Abbey street, by the Cleveland spring bed factory.

The police, led by Capt. English, were massed on the east end of the Abbey-street bridge, and Capt. English ordered the mob to move on. They seemed somewhat disinclined to do so. holding back and rushed up to the and Capt. English whirled his baton open door of the foundry department. and yelled: "Clean 'em out, boys!" And suiting the action to the word, he started on a dead run for a great big fellow, smashed him across the head and kicked him. The police followed quickly, using their clubs freely on anyone who did not move his legs fast enough.

The Clubbing Went Merrily On. For a while the clubbing went on right merrily, but the mob made tracks and scattered in all directions.

In the meantime the ringleader of the whole affair had been arrested-Tom Moore, the man who has been advocating violence from the first of the labor troubles. When the mob- retreated from the Upson works he ran up and down the embankment, beseeching them to stand their ground, wild shout went up from the throats and "kill the d—d policemen." of the thousands. "Bring on your Gatlings," he yelled. "Bring on your police, we'll beat them." He then turned to the rioters. and called them cowards for not fighting. When the fight was going on upon Abbey street he rushed up and down, yelling to the rioters to resist. liceman that broke his scalp. A couple of officers threw him into a patrol wag-

The Mob Scattered. The mob by this time having been scattered, Capt. English, leaving a small squad on the bridge, put his men into the wagons and started for the

At this time there must have been sixty policemen on the ground and these were soon joined by the mounted police. The crowd was an ugly one. On Abbey street, after the fight, they gathered in groups, discussing it in train, shattering all of the cars and sullen and sometimes violent tones. quickly separating when a policeman came toward them.

Scenes of Wild Disorder. There were scenes of wild disorder in the eastern part of the city. The desire to stop work of all kinds seemed to take possession of every laborer, and at 9 o'clock a band of 200 Italians marched to the tap of a drum down the fact that the new summer time-ta-East End avenue. They were armed with clubs, tree limbs, iron and wire rods, and two or three carried gate posts. They were led by two men on horseback, one of the leaders being Charles Son. At Gates' quarry there were speeches,

velling, threats and a demand that the noise. Invectives were shouted at the quarry employes throw down their men in the office, and clubs were tools and join the unemployed. There was some kicking, but the men dropped lynching, came to Tallulah Tuesday

At Neff's quarry the operation was repeated, and at Reader's quarry there mob, which was growing larger all the was little oposition. The rioters then forced their way into boarding-houses and compelled men to join them. They even forced some to get out of bed, dress and get in the ranks. On the march back to headquarters

the police were stopped in front of ing alongside of the works. A small the Variety iron works, on Scranton boy clambered up on a car, stood for a avenue, where Manager Webster anmoment, then reached down and seiz- nounced that he was going to resume operations at 1 o'clock, and that he wanted the police to protect the works. Protection Promised.

"Go ahead; start your works," said Director Herbert, "and we will see a storehouse of the firm and three tenthat your men are not interfered with.

Sessions shops the workmen inside rigged up several lines of hose and and not an entrance way was visible. prepared to turn a few streams of Howling like demons the men rushed water upon the disturbers in case they against the gates, forcing them from succeeded in battering down the doors. their hinges. Enraged by this feeble The police arrived before the doors resistance the mob took vengeance by gave way, and thus the rioters were tearing the doors and gates to pieces. saved the ignominy of getting a cata. Running mad through the immense The hose lines will be kept in readi-

The Mayor Issues a Proclamation Mayor Blee issued a proclamation is

molds were destroyed, and everything that would succumb to clubs wielded by infuriated men was wrecked.

The mob rushed from the wrecked building down the railroad track to the office of the company. Rocks were hurled through the windows, and the destruction of the plant seemed probable.

The Blue Center Theory and everything that would succumb to clubs wielded by infuriated men was wrecked.

The movement and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating that all the power vested in the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder, and stating the city officers will be used to enforce the law and maintain order, and all citizens to refrain from assembling together for purposes of riot and disorder. The mayor also held a consultation with the officers of the Fifth regiment, and as a result six companies of that regiment, together with the Cleveland Grays and the City guards, were or-dered to assemble in their armories, subject to calls for service by the

During the afternoon another riot took place in the southern part of the city. The police had been notified pockets to draw their weapons. This of police, under charge of Lieut. Stein only caused the crowd to jeer and laugh. The leaders pushed in among

The first place visited by the mob was the works of the United Salt Co. ful of police would have been swept off The works were forcibly invaded, the men driven from their work, and the fires put out.

Police in Ambush.

The rioters then proceeded to the Cleveland rolling mills to compel all the men to quit work. The mob sur-Cowed by the force at the Upson rounded the works and began hooting officers charged the crowd, the di-rector swinging a club with his men. way and scattered in every direction. Seven of the rioters, all with broken

Will Use Dynamite in Defense of Their The Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling

railway contractors at work in Brooktric batteries. Dynamite bombs have also been prepared for the defense of their workmen. Precautionary Measures.

Fearing trouble during the evening s squad of 150 police was stationed in the public square to prevent any gathering there. A vigilant outlook was also kept on all outlying places where there was a possibility of rioters congregating, and reserves were kept in readiness to be sent at once to quell any riotous demonstration. All Quiet at 10 p. m.

The people of the city were filled with fear that the mob might resort to the torch or dynamite, and attempt to destroy factories and private residence s. At 10 o'clock everything was re

ported quiet at police headquarters, and no further outbreak was anticipated during the night.

THE KING DEEPLY AFFECTED. Later News from Earthquake-Stricken

London, May 3.-A dispatch to the Times from Athens says: The king arrived at Thebes yesterday and the ruin, havoc and misery there resulting from the recent earthquake shocks deeply affected him. He has ordered that everything possible be done to make the people comfortable.

The shock which was felt here Tuesday morning was especially severe in the nothern part of the island of Eu-boea. One village was entirely destroyed. The people' are so demoral-ized that it is difficult to gain details, and it is not yet known whether any loss of life resulted. Grave fears have been entertained

by the residents of Atalanta lest the village be submerged, but leading geologists are of the opinion that there is no danger of this. The Atalanta district was again severely shaken Tuesday afternoon.

Heavy rains have made the roads almost impassable, and the work of relieving the sufferers by the earthquake is seriously interfered with. COLLIDING TRAINS BURNED.

Narrow Escape of Passengers—The Wreck Caused by an Engineer's Forgetful-AMSTERDAM, May S .- A frightful railway collision occurred near Barendrecht Tuesday between the Paris express and a freight train consisting of cars loaded with petroleum. At a point between Zwiendrecht and Barendrecht, the express struck the freight setting fire to the petroleum. Both trains were burned up, and the passengers of the express had great difficulty in getting out of reach of the flames, so rapidly did the fire spread. A number of persons were injured, but none was reported killed. The collision was due to the forgetfulness of one of the engineers, who disregarded ble went into effect Tuesday, and was running on the old schedule.

ESCAPED LYNCHING.

The Last of the Boyce Murderers Surrenders and Gets Ten Years. NEW ORLEANS, May 3.-A special from Tallulah, La., says: Tom Griffin. the only one of the Boyce assassins and surrendered to Sheriff McClelland. Judge F. F. Montgomery and District Attorney Randall had not left the town. A special term of the district court was convened. Griffin was arraigned and pleaded guilty to manslaughter of Mr. Boyce, and was sentenced by Judge Montgomery to ten years' labor in the penitentiary. All the other partici-pants in the crime, eight or nine in number, have been lynched.

A Quarter-Million Blaze. ALBANY, N. Y., May 8 .- The Kenwood mill, owned by Mrs. Sarah. Townsend, and operated by Huyck & Argersinger in the manufacture of felt goods, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday morning, together with ement bouses. The mill employed 175. When the rioters began pounding upon the doors of the Lamson & Sessions shows the control of the Lamson & an insurance of \$130,000.

Death of the Oldest Police Official PITTSBURGH, Pa., May & .- The venerable Capt. William Reed, who for forty-nine years has been in the service of the police department, died yea-terday after a lingering illness. Capt. Reed was the oldest police official in the United States. He was 75 years